

Table with 2 columns: Location and Time. Includes entries for Philadelphia, Trenton, and other nearby cities with specific times for mail delivery.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Table with 2 columns: Route and Time. Details train schedules for various lines including the Atlantic City and Philadelphia lines.

STEAMBOAT TIME TABLE.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Lists steamboat schedules to Philadelphia, Trenton, and other locations.

NOTICES.

Notice regarding the Bucks County Bible Society and the sale of Bibles and religious tracts.

Notice regarding the sale of land in the township of Bristol.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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SCIENCE AND FAITH.

There are no no-novels in a Quebec, a native-born Canadian said to a visitor to the ancient city of Quebec. "I have often stood at a window and watched for one in the throng passing on the sidewalk, but I have never yet seen a Quebecer who could be described as ugly. I don't claim that they are all absolutely beautiful, but there is something in the clear, invigorating air and perhaps in the soft and sunny light of this lofty and rocky city that gives them sparkling eyes, brilliant complexions and elasticity of step. Montreal is full of pretty women, but Quebec can beat her in that respect. Have you noticed how easily our Quebec girls climb the steep city streets? When they are ascending a sidewalk that slopes upward at an apparent angle of thirty degrees they don't seem to mind it. They don't lag, they don't get out of breath, they don't stagger from one side of the walk to the other. They just go up as lightly and gracefully as any lady can walk across a parlor floor. You can do it and keep pace with them unless you've been brought up here. They'd tire you out before you got half-way from Brockton steps to Dufferin Terrace. The exercise they get is partly the secret of their good looks.

"Then there's another thing that helps. They're out of doors half the time. On a pleasant evening the terrace, that broad plank promenade which stretches for a quarter of a mile along the brow of the precipitous and the brow of the precipitous, is crowded with them, strolling in pairs and groups, chatting, laughing and perhaps flirting a little. You don't mind that, do you? No! Well, look what a pleasure ground it is. Two hundred feet above the waters of the St. Lawrence and facing one of the finest views in the world, as everybody admits, which extends from Point Levis down the river to Cape Touraine and from the gorge of Montmorency far back upon the Laurentian Mountains. You can blame the Quebecers for being proud of it. And there's where the Quebec girl, breathe the pure air that puts roses in their cheeks and the snap into their eyes. Yes, sir, steep streets and plenty of fresh air and, perhaps, the subtle influences of a world-famous landscape form the chief secret of the beauty of our girls."

FISHING FOR PORPOISE.

Cape May, N. J., Sept. 10.—A new industry which has been prosecuted with a fair measure of success during the summer and gives great promise of developing into a large and prosperous business in the near future, is the catching of porpoises in the Delaware Bay. The idea was conceived by a number of Wilmington fishermen.

A seine is used, which is necessarily very large, extensive and cumbersome. It is about 1,000 yards long and is constructed in three separate sections, which, when in the water, form a circle, the shore making the connecting chord. The net is deep enough to almost reach the sea bottom. The whole structure forms a bag, the limits of which are contracted as the haul is made.

The school is surrounded by the porpoises, and when they grasp it at each end, and tug it ashore, slowly and cautiously. The fish, feeling themselves drawn to the beach, struggle frantically and desperately for freedom. They plunge with violence in the meshes of their netted pen, and in water with depth enough to admit of their swimming strongly, they usually break their way through the heavy ropes, and go bellowing into deep water.

The scene among them and the excitement is intense. They lash the water into foam, and savagely plunge at the net in aim to leap over its corals, blow and bellow like mad creatures. When captured and aroused, the lazy, sleepy creature is possessed of wonderful strength and endurance. Porpoises in one haul twenty fish may be netted, but it is infrequent that more than 25 per cent of the haul is landed.

However powerful in the water, the fish are absolutely helpless, and practically dead, the instant they are landed on the beach. As soon as they are ashore the "sticker," with his large, sharp butcher knife, appears upon the scene, and inflicts a deep wound in the porpoise's neck, much in the same manner a pig would be butchered. The carcass is taken to the boiling houses, where they are suspended by a block and tackle, and skinned. The blubber, which is the most valuable part of the fish, comes from the carcass with the skin. It is, in the average, about an inch in thickness. This is scraped from the skin into tubs, and dried out into oil. Each fish, in condition, will yield from twelve to fourteen gallons of excellent oil, for which there is already a ready market at from thirty-five cents to \$1 per gallon. A very valuable and fine oil, which is used on watch and delicate machinery, is extracted from the head of the fish. It is worth about \$8 per gallon, and each head yields about two ounces.

The skin after being cleaned of the blubber is ready for the tanner, and they readily bring \$5 each. Out of porpoise hide a very fine leather is made, a quality that is very good for food, being both tender and palatable. In some respects it resembles beef, and some who ate heartily of it this summer aver that it is quite enjoyable as a slice from a rib roast. It has a slight gamey flavor, something like venison, and there is an entire absence of the fishy taste.

Two cents per pound has already been offered for all carcasses of the catch by big game parties, who intend preparing it for medicinal purposes, which will divert mince pie of their regular fishery. Occasional orders have been filled for good cuts of the fish from Philadelphia and New York restaurants, and it is probable that in a short time there will be a demand for all the fish caught.

Each porpoise is estimated to be worth \$20 per head. The aggregate value of the five weeks' result is \$3,740. The same time, including all the expenses for the outfit, was less than \$1,000.—*Philadelphia Press.*

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—The President lived a life so simple that the word Spartan hardly describes it. He was now sixty years of age. Rising at four or five, even in the winter, he often built his own fire, and then worked upon his correspondence and his journal, while the main part of the day was given to public affairs, these being reluctantly interrupted to receive a stream of visitors.

In the evening he worked again, sometimes going to bed at eight or nine even in summer. He was a voracious reader, and taking a walk at the same hour, or ride later in the day, or sometimes the theater, such as it was. For social life he had little aptitude, though he went through the forms of it. This is well illustrated by one singular memorandum in the diary: "I went out this evening in search of conversation, an art of which I never had an adequate idea. I never knew how to make, control, or change it. I am by nature a silent animal, and my dear friends, this little lesson in childhood, that conversation should be seen and not heard, confirmed me in what I now think a bad habit."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Gen. Hancock, lately on a Western tour, is said to have received a letter asserting that the writer had lent sums of money to his nephew, Lieut. Hancock, out on the plains. Frank died not long ago, and the General had undertaken to administer upon his estate. The letter intimates that there were good reasons why this claim ought to be quietly satisfied. "I am not inclined to be agitated by this kind of thing," said the General, "and I am not inclined to be agitated by the fellow who wrote of championship with the dead lieutenant in the far Southwest, describing himself as a gallant but unfortunate adventurer in Eastern civilization, and as a friend advised the General to silence scandal by taking the insignificant sum of \$50 out of his own wallet. Then the General replied that the demand would never be met unless clear proof of its justness was supplied. The applicant turned out to be a confidence man of extreme type. He was a Texan, and showed him up as a scoundrel of the first order. An official communication from the secretary of a lodge at El Paso sets him forth as a professional rascal."

A SENSIBLE CHURCH RULE.—A sensible rule in church is this: "Having entered a pew, move along. Do not block up the end of the pew as if you did not intend to have any one else enter it, or as if you were looking it for special friends, and do not rise to let others in, but move along and leave the seat invitingly open, so that all comers will know that you are welcome. If a pew capable of holding six has already five in it, don't file out in a formal procession to let one poor, scared woman go to the further end, but move along and let her sit down at the end next to the aisle."

WHERE THE PRETTY GIRLS ARE.

"There are no no-novels in a Quebec, a native-born Canadian said to a visitor to the ancient city of Quebec. "I have often stood at a window and watched for one in the throng passing on the sidewalk, but I have never yet seen a Quebecer who could be described as ugly. I don't claim that they are all absolutely beautiful, but there is something in the clear, invigorating air and perhaps in the soft and sunny light of this lofty and rocky city that gives them sparkling eyes, brilliant complexions and elasticity of step. Montreal is full of pretty women, but Quebec can beat her in that respect. Have you noticed how easily our Quebec girls climb the steep city streets? When they are ascending a sidewalk that slopes upward at an apparent angle of thirty degrees they don't seem to mind it. They don't lag, they don't get out of breath, they don't stagger from one side of the walk to the other. They just go up as lightly and gracefully as any lady can walk across a parlor floor. You can do it and keep pace with them unless you've been brought up here. They'd tire you out before you got half-way from Brockton steps to Dufferin Terrace. The exercise they get is partly the secret of their good looks.

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INDUSTRIAL ECONOMY.—Prof. J. H. Dodge, the statistician of the Agriculture Department, has issued a small book upon the industrial economy of the United States, which presents some striking results of his investigation of the statistics of manufacturing and agricultural machinery, agriculture has more than doubled its production with a smaller proportion of farm labor, and now there will be a glut of farm products unless the Government shall be further reduced. The question of an outlet to foreign markets is discussed, and the fact is shown that the surplus of food products merely pays for imported food and beverages, and that trade cannot be extended without a ruinous reduction in price. The distribution of labor in occupations in this and other countries is shown, with reference to our comparative thrift and progress. It is found invariably that the inequality of the distribution of industry retards development, and that exclusively agricultural countries are always poor. The phenomenal progress of the "Central West" is presented in deductions from statistics, showing that half the cultivated area of the United States lies in one-fourth of its territory, producing more than three-fourths of some of the principal crops. The fact is shown that the Ohio Valley is the most fully occupied body of land, Ohio having 90 per cent of the corn, Kansas 84, Illinois 88.4, Kentucky 84, and no other State as much. It is shown that three-fourths of the manufacturing of the United States are produced within the "Central West," in less than three-tenths of the area of country, within half a century of its settlement.

ANONYMOUS AUTHORSHIP.—It is a curious fact that a large majority of literary men invariably seem anxious at some period or other of their career to test by the medium of anonymous publication the value of public opinion with regard to their own work. "It is not perhaps generally known," writes a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "that the Lady of the Lake was brought out anonymously, and that on the night of its first production, beyond Macready and Bulwer, no one in London had been allowed to know the secret of the authorship of the play. Between the acts Dickens, who had been one of a delighted audience, went behind the scenes to talk over the play with Macready and Bulwer, congratulating Macready on his wonderful impersonation of 'Claude Melnotte.' Dickens was in raptures with the whole thing, and asked what he thought of it. Bulwer affected to be ignorant of the plot, and suggested improvement here and there in the various situations. 'Come now,' said Dickens, 'it is not like you, Bulwer, to cavil at such small things as these. The man who wrote the play may have imitated your work here and there, perhaps, but he is a devoted fellow for all that. To hear you speak so unfairly is almost enough to make one think you are jealous.'"

THE GOLD SEEKER OF THE SIERRAS.—By Joaquin Miller, author of "Memories and Rime," "Songs of the Sierras," etc. A new book by Joaquin Miller is one of the most interesting literary works of his command to a student and the materials at his command so abundant and so peculiarly American, that he has gained one of the foremost places among writers of the day. His latest work, "The Gold Seeker of the Sierras," is perhaps as characteristic a work as the author has ever written. It is entirely a story of the Western mines, and abounds in strong dramatic situations, swift alterations of mood and pathos and humor, and delicate poetic interpretations of nature. There can be no doubt in the reader's mind that the story is drawn largely from real life. The bold realistic touches found on every page, give a strength and intensity to the romance that enchain the interest before one has well begun reading. Every word Mr. Miller writes is, in fact, a triumphant refutation of the assertion lately made in high quarters, that all the stories have been told, and nothing new left for writers of fiction to tell. Mr. Miller writes as if he were a mining man, and in a way as charming as it is original. Published in *Punk & Wagnalls* (10 and 12 Deey Street, New York) *Standard Library*. Paper, 15 cts.

A MAN IN A SWITZERLAND who takes all of his food from the end of a stick. His daughter had been in Marcella's care, and returned with all her clothing. She soon died, together with her father and sister-in-law, and the old father had not since passed beyond his little patch of land.

THE FIRST NAPOLEON'S HATRED OF COMPTON FOR IDEOLOGUES expressed in part the practical man's scorn for mere dreamers, but expressed far more the antagonism of brute force to that subtle idealism for which it had to struggle in vain. For ideals have their own laws of growth, and as the tender shoot of some vegetable organism will upheave the earth beneath it, so the hard rock, so will the development of some new conception often defy the constraints of material compression. The minute egg of the coral animal may grow into an oceanic islet, or into a reef besides which ships may sail for days, or even into a densely peopled land, with its railroads, cities and busy commerce. Similarly, and idea from the brain of some Descartes or Hobbes, some solitary sage of Konigsberg, or a Geneva saint, full of imagination, but empty of morals, may, in the course of a few centuries, capture the aspect of the civilized world. The present is a time when scientific conceptions have a quite exceptional social potency, and we venture to think that some of those who have attained currency merit more attention from non-scientific readers than they have received on account of the relations they bear to temporary politics. We believe that many of the errors of even the most extreme school of Nihilists are the outcome of one recurrent and mistaken philosophic idea, apparently quite remote from the sphere of politics. This idea may be shortly expressed as the mechanical conception of the universe. But if we are right in believing that this conception is at the root of such political errors, they have also a common origin from a source much less remote. They may be considered, in the first place, as developments of the main political error of Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose dreams have had results which now threaten so much of Europe with anarchy and anarchy. This main political error is that the human part of politics is a mere matter of counting heads, one man being absurdly represented to be "as good as another." Hence arises the profound error of regarding a nation as a mere loose aggregate of similar units, instead of as an organic whole composed of a system of mutually related parts (having very different values and very diverse functions) from the family upward. But this imaginary reduction of one national organic whole into a mass of separate, similar atoms is a result of many examples of that modern tendency to regard all action as merely mechanical which has increasingly invaded every branch of knowledge, to the profound detriment of morals and religion.—*British Quarterly Review*

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